

Whole No. 797.

and now whose shall those things be
hast provided? Wretched then, hap-
tion wretched, in their condition, whose
pleas are glued to earth,
time of our co-existence here is so short,
gones, how necessary is it to seek a
position beyond the grave.
I have left to the bare skeletons of man-
in notions of tradition, how much per-
ple have agitated and harassed our
of Jesus Christ hath brought life and
insight by the Gospel. We are sure that
of an eternal weight of glory, in the
me. How, then, may we attain the
ness of the saints? In no other way,
king to and trusting in the Lord Jesus
who have a part in the great salva-
tionary work of our world. This is
the event, which makes nations salva-
tionary, "O death, where is thy
now where is thy victory? The sting of

God, who giveth us the victory through
Jesus Christ." But the portion of joy

which awaits the righteous, must be sought, before it can be attained. Alas! how seldom our never made it a matter of course to seek for it! Their efforts have been ineffectual, and their souls eternally and forever lost. Our duty is to seek first the kingdom of God, and then the things which are necessary to labour, not for the meat and drink that perish, but for the meat that endureth to life. And are not these exhortations highly important? Whom can expect the kingdom of God, without a title to it, and for it? Beyond the confines of this earth, but we dwelling places for the angels—heaven and hell. Heaven is a prepared people, and the immortal being can have no residence there, while the glad tidings of salvation are your care; while the glorious Son of God is your source of spiritual day. Think of this, ye slaves of sin, ye slaves of earth, and destruction.

of pleasure more than lovers of God,
 since cut short while you remain in a
 depressed state, your hope will be cut

umble and devout, who believe in Christ
in heart, the king of terrors is trans-
messenger of peace. He is pardoned;
hope, through grace, raises and en-
dured. "Death to a good man," says
it is passing through a dark entry,
the dark rooms of his Father's house,
and is far and large, lightness, and
and divinely entered. The peace
could say in his last hours, "I am full
of life; and this is my confidence,—there is
before me; I have fed, I still fly, for
at hope. In him I trust; in him I
consolation; and shall assuredly be
the Beloved of my soul. The spirit of
given me; and I have no doubt that
thou, and all my present exertions, are
dictated by my beloved heavenly Father."
shall a matter is the breaking up of the
life, if we know that we have "a house

happy change, to quit these frail tenements, that we may be clothed in vestures

is a land of pure delight,
its name immortal reign;
ay! exults the night,
pleasures banish pain."

ANONYMOUS.

E LAST HERRING.
Hill-ot away damper !
Never yed to sorrow—
The blackest sky may wear
A sunny tone to-morrow.
A sinner thus to-morrow
May rise as bright as the widow of the Pimey
by blasting fight with her five tes-
timony at her side, endearing, by listening
to some of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate
the gloom that pressed upon her mind. For
even feeble hands had provided for her
relief; for she had no supporter; she had
all the wide, unfriendly world around,
mysterious Providence, the wisdom of
an above human comprehension, had

become exhausted. It was now, too, and the snow lay heavy and deep through

her mother, with *formal* suit seemed to leave the heavens, and the driving wind at the bending pines, and rushed her bearing snatched upon the eagle before the only article of food she possessed; her former desolate state brought her to the bosom all the anxieties of a mother, cast upon her children; and no woman was she, if she suffered the heart despair to rise, even though she knew the promise is to the widow, and to the forget his word. Providence had before taken from her, her eldest son, and his forced home to try his fortune since which she had heard no note or word, and in later times had, by the hand arrived her, the companion and his pilgrimage, in the fervor of her station hour she had been upon the hand aide to provide for her little flock, at least one opportunity of ministering

nt may well bear with poverty while
gain sustenance remains. The indi-

[illegible]

...and apparently indifferent
and begged a helping, and a mouth-
ful of "and he" it is not a

under bread." The widow's heart
under fresh distresses; for her sym-
bol not around her frame. She had
now; rest and share of all she had,
to the stranger. "We shall not be
like, — or suffer deeper for an act
of love than the board—but when he
fell, he raised his eyes towards hea-
ven—" and in this she told her story!
A share of this she offered to me,
I then never saw I charity before! but
he continuing, "do you not re-
member by giving part of their last morsel?"
"Ah," said the poor widow, and
glanced into her eyes as she said it,
"O, darling son, somewhere on the
wide world, unless heaven has taken
him I can only act towards you as I
hers should act towards him. God,
from heaven, can provide for us as

my son should be a wanderer, destined he should have provided for him a

studied, and the stranger, springing
cried him in his arms—"God has
just such a home for your wander-
er given him wealth to reward the
his benefactress—my mother! oh my
long lost son; returned to her bosom
is; abounding in riches. He had
argued, that he might the spare coun-
ty family; and never was surprise
or full rest by a sweeter cup of joy,
residence in the future was exchange-
able, and indeed, beautiful in the
the widow lived with her dutiful
payment of worldly plenty, as it is the
employment of virtue; and as this day
is often pointed to the luxurious
while its branches broad and green show
his his listeners to the ruin of this
family, but not along their worthless tale.
